

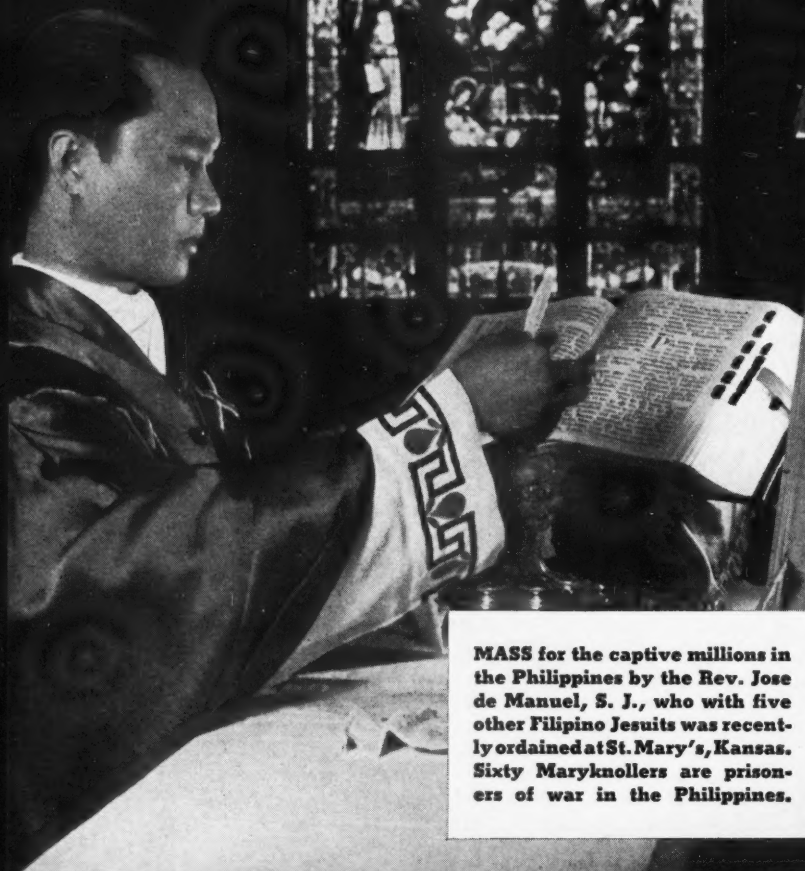
MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD

D.

October 1944





MASS for the captive millions in the Philippines by the Rev. Jose de Manuel, S. J., who with five other Filipino Jesuits was recently ordained at St. Mary's, Kansas. Sixty Maryknollers are prisoners of war in the Philippines.

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MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •



The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul

THIS MONTH the magazine opens into the biting blasts of the cold north country of the Manchus. Father Martin Pai was a devoted parish priest in his native Manchuria. He lived his three-score-and-ten in the service of his people. **Manchu Profile**—Page 2—



Father Mullen

was written by Father Mullen. Memories of ordination day — Page 6 — have been jotted down briefly by one of the newly ordained missionaries. Father Mulcahy, a resident of South China for seventeen years, writes a touching story of a grand **Reunion in Blackthorn Village** — Page 14. Mr. and Mrs. Cappel, of Norwood, Ohio, have seven sons. At the present time, the sons are well divided between the priest-

hood and the Army. Father Gardner has made a few comments on a visit to this family — Page 18. Pedro becomes like the Irish, and the "little people" cause him a dreamful occupation. It is another Wilkie Gordon story, **Pedro the Don**, — Page 26. **World Christianity**, by Father Considine, continues to explain the basic principles of the Church as applied to the world — Page 36. Susie Citrota is one of Chinatown's foremost citizens. She is described in **Chinatown's Fairy Godmother** by Father Albert Nevins — Page 42.

A bit of humorous hum-bugging and bamboo-zling will be found in **Bamboo and Bugs** — Page 8 — written by Maryknoll's Father George Krock who has been a missionary in Kaying, South China, for the past five years. **In League**



Father Nevins

with Mars — Page 32 — tells of the Sisters' work in the backlands of the Orient.

Address all communications to THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XXXVIII, No. 9, October, 1944. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August. Rates \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, N. Y. AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879, AUTHORIZED FEBRUARY 24, 1943. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921. Published by (legal title) Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

Manchu Profile

by FRANCIS E. MULLEN

HIDDEN by mountains, deep in the cold, wild country of the Manchus, lies the little Catholic village of C'ha Kou, with its seven thousand inhabitants.

There has never been any industry in C'ha Kou; the villagers are farmers and small shopkeepers. Outside commerce is almost unknown there, because the sole connecting link between the village and the world at large is an ox-cart road that winds through the mountains for seventy-five miles and ends at a railroad.

But C'ha Kou's emissaries are famous throughout the land because the missionaries and the bandits have used the hidden village as a home base for many decades. The bandits of the Manchu hills are a persistent, fearless breed and they levy a tax upon the countryside that remains unquestioned.

It was inevitable that the village of C'ha Kou should eventually be wholly Catholic, and that from the people — for the Manchus are China's giants — should come native vocations, priests and Sisters who would one day play a great part in the Church history of that land.

Village of Sacred Memories

TO C'HA KOU came the first Bishop of Manchuria and also the first missionaries for Korea. These missionaries, who stayed to study the language, later crossed to

Korea, stealing through a hole in the Gishu wall during the night. The famous martyr, Just de Bretenieres, stayed at C'ha Kou, as did many other missionaries who were later martyred in Korea. An

aura of sacred memories surrounds the little village. When missionaries first went there, they used C'ha Kou as a mission base, and from it they traveled by ox cart, to places a thousand miles away. If they didn't return after a year, there was some concern for their safety. If after two years they did not return, the usual Requiem Masses were said for the repose of their souls.

One of the chief families of the village is the house of Pai; and the leading exponent of that house in the last century was one of its oldest priests — Father Martin Pai.

When Martin Pai became a priest, he performed his ministry in the sections of Northern China where the Maryknollers were to send American priests. He received the Americans and worked with them until the day, in 1942, when he died.

His affection for the young Maryknoll missionaries was sincere and deep, but he refused to grant them the concession of learning the English language. He insisted that they must converse in the native tongue. He was a purist in the use of Chinese. Whenever a tyro missionary began to make conversation with Father Pai in



Father Pai — Manchu priest

The cold Manchu country of northern Asia is a land of giants. Father Mullen, a Maryknoller in Manchuria, tells of Father Pai, one of the country's famous men

what he thought were good, understandable local phrases, Father Pai retained a stoical silence until the other's tones and pronunciation were perfect.

When one of my fellow priests dropped in on one occasion, I complained to him: "This language business is very discouraging. I know that my Chinese isn't too good, but you'd think Father Pai would let me get by with a mistake once in a while, just to make me feel good."

"Listen, Father Frank," he said. "You don't know when you're well off. This is a golden opportunity for you. I wish I had Father Pai with me. I'd make the best of his criticism."

There was no adequate answer. Of course he was correct: there is nothing quite as valuable as sound, constant criticism.

He Won a Kewpie Doll

THE next morning my visitor was looking for a piece of wrapping paper to make a package of a few little gadgets that he thought I wouldn't need. Father Pai walked in on the scene.

"Good morning, Father," the visitor said. "Have you got a little *pao-chih* around the house?"

"Why, I think so, Father," Father Pai replied, and he went off to his study.

My visitor looked at me with a superior air and said: "I don't see what you've got to kick about. Really, old boy, all you need is a little application to the language. You see how quickly he went off to get some wrapping paper for me?"

I was beginning to feel like a stupid

school boy — until Father Pai returned. Very solemnly, he handed a little Kewpie doll to my guest and said, "This is the only child I have."

The two words, "wrapping paper" and "child-not-yet-able-to-walk," are spelled the same and look the same; but a process of oral gymnastics, which has to do with tones and inflections, differentiates the two.

"This," I said to myself, "is too good to be true!" And then aloud, "Father, he wants some wrapping paper." I did my level best on the word *pao-chih*, and Father Pai mentioned something about mental telepathy, and produced the article — which saved my face no end.

Within thirty minutes, my guest and

A Manchu workman, alert and active



Father Pai were talking in a mixture of Latin and Chinese (Father Pai was discouragingly proficient in both), and my guest was getting the short end of the deal. But he was a persistent student and stuck it out until Father Pai had completely deflated his ego.

"Good-by," I said as he was leaving. "Drop in again some time."

"Thanks, Father Frank," he replied. "But perhaps you'd better visit me. You really need the vacation, old boy."

There was a smiling quality about Father Pai that gave a character of pleas-

trained under the able supervision of Father Pai could hold his own with the best of layman theologians. The children were faithful in attending Father's classes, but whether it was to acquire an understanding of the catechism, or to make a side trip into the well-laden orchard behind his house, is still an undecided question.

Locked-Door Policy

WITH his parishioners Father Pai used direct methods of instruction. At one time he was having a little difficulty in getting the people to Mass on time.

"The Mass is late enough, so that you can all get here with no difficulty," he said. (The Mass was scheduled for six o'clock — a concession to sleepy heads.) "And if you are not here on time, I will lock you out."

An old Chinese proverb reads, "One picture is worth a thousand words." To Father Pai's parishioners, the group of late comers, who had thought that the pastor was merely using words, made a sorry but effective picture as they stood outside the locked door, twiddling their thumbs. The next Sunday they were there on time.

In 1932 Father Pai went to the Manchu city of Fushun to take care of the Catechist School. When war was declared, on December 8, 1941, Father Pai was taken to jail with the rest of the Fushun priests. It was a great shock to him. Some of the priests prevailed on the police to let Father Martin ride in the cab of the truck instead of in the back, but still it was a big shake-up for the sixty-nine-year-old priest.

On December 9, at about four in the afternoon, all the American priests were called from their cells and told to get ready to go home, but Father Pai and the Chinese catechists were told to remain in the jail. Again our priests spoke to the



Fr. Pai's niece — Sister Martin

anxiety to even his most stringent demand.

There is no doubt but that he had a way with children. His catechism lessons were on a par with his lessons in the Manchu language; they were thorough and accurate, so that a Christian who was



Manchu farm tools are built to last

police, and at six o'clock the old man was taken from his cell. He was sent home at about half past eight that night.

Our Fushun house then became a jail, and police lived on the ground floor. It was a humiliating experience for a Manchu, and Father Pai failed more and more every day. After Christmas he went to bed. The priests tried to nurse him to health, and all took turns staying up with him. But his heart had been broken; he died on January 14. He was laid out in the first coffin that had been prepared for Father, Gerry Donovan.

Father Pai's funeral was cold and bleak. Police surrounded and filled the church. The temperature was twenty degrees below zero, and there was no heat in the chapel. It was a sad funeral — but there was a warm welcome in heaven for Fushun's oldest native priest. His work



The nomad still lives in Manchuria

had been well done. Like a true nobleman, his life was devoted to his people. His two realms were Manchuria and the Kingdom of Heaven. He was a splendid representative of his country for the Manchu people are China's giants.



"...Fairest Gem"

TIF I LIVE to be a hundred," reflects one of 1944's new Maryknoll priests, now in South America, "that smiling June day on Sunset Hill when Bishop O'Shea ordained us will remain the fairest gem of my memory.

"There were those hushed moments at the long tables in the library when the twenty-six of us vested. The procession entered chapel, each solemn phase of the ceremony slipped smoothly by, we came out priests!

"That first blessing to my mother! Then hundreds of other blessings, happy words given and received all day long. And the blissful hours sitting among loved ones, and with the thought constantly recurring — 'It's here; the day is here; I am a priest!'"

Bishop William F. O'Shea officiated



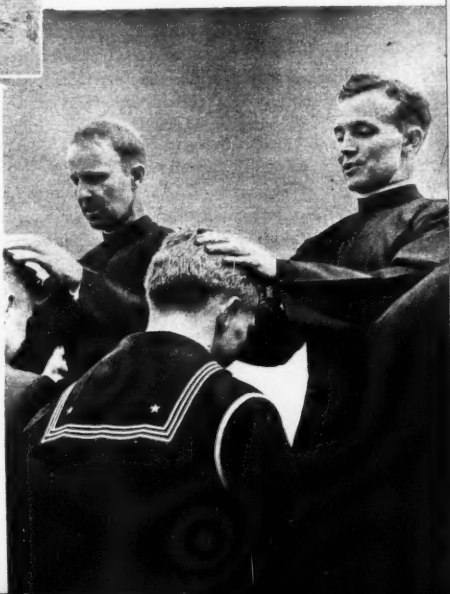


The Seminary library was used as a vestry for the twenty-six priests

(Above) Campus is well populated with friends and relatives

(Left) Visitors seek the First Blessings of the new priests

Uniforms were conspicuous as school chums came to witness the ordination



Bamboo and Bugs

by GEORGE KROCK

HOLY people who wanted to do penance, and hungry people who had run out of rations, have often fed themselves on grass and insects. I used to wonder just how the stuff must have tasted; now I know. For in China grows the bamboo — that giant of the grass family. Foreigners are mistaken when they look on the bamboo as a tree — they should look up to it as grass! This grass that grows in such towering groves is God's gift to the tropics, for the uses of bamboo seem to be unlimited.

There is a famous poem, "Grass," and it ends with the line, "I am the Grass — let me work."

And China does let it work. Half of the tools of the Orient are bamboo. All of the carrying poles, the baskets, pincers, canoes, and brooms are made of bamboo. There are bamboo bridges, beds, benches, and buckets. The scaffolds, the sieves, the paper and pens, the cradles, chairs, and crutches are all bamboo. And the young bamboo shoots are crisp tidbits for the table.


If this grass that we eat must labor, there is also one insect at least, that works through lengthy hours for China's sustenance. It is the *Kim Keou Tchoung*, or golden-dog bug. It is actually set to work boring holes in the long pipestems that are so popular with Chinese smokers. And as for edible insects, America has perhaps been overlooking vast reserves of food here! For in the Orient there are many bees, wasps, beetles, and slugs that are considered delicacies. I have eaten honey with the bees still in it — honey which not



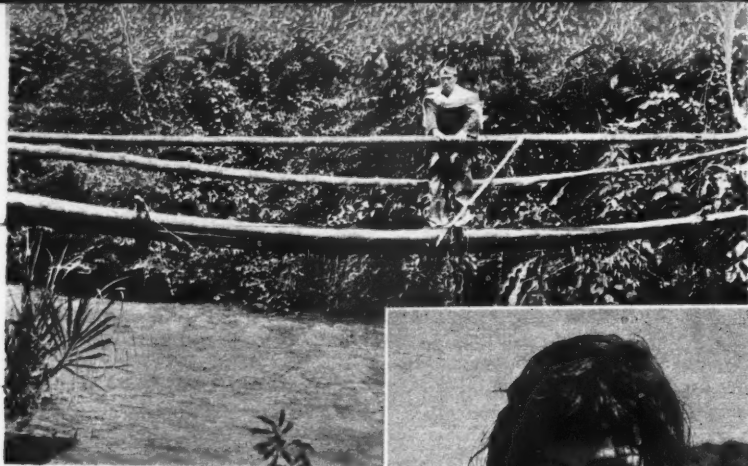
only began with the bees, but ended with them! Now in America, you generously leave all this food for the birds, and forget how they thrive on it.

Somebody once asked a Chinese how he found out that insects were good to eat. I can imagine him replying. "A little bird told me."

The bamboo and bugs are growing all about us — a colorful and murmuring background. Clumps of bamboo, seen through the morning mist, standing motionless as feather quills in a quiet room, have an ethereal beauty. And though not commonly thought of as such, they are evergreens. The leaves are arranged in groups of three — the bamboo is the Chinese shamrock. Birds build their nests in bamboo, and the little ones are rocked to sleep with a bamboo lullaby. While I feel that anyone who offers me bees to eat is hum-bugging me, still, the one who comes bearing gifts of bamboo shoots is definitely not trying to bamboo-zle me.



The Sacred Tree of Fushun, Manchuria is bedecked with petitions and incense burns before the spirit it enshrines. The East erects modern buildings and adopts new ways but blind superstition continues to live on



Jungle bridges require steady nerves

Launching

by GORDEN FRITZ

THE BISHOP and I were going upstream from Riberalta — he to visit Cavinass and other villages along the way, I to my new mission in Fortaleza. We were to go by launch, and that sounded good to me. The Bishop should have known better, even though I was an optimistic greenhorn.

The launch — save the mark! — would have been comfortable for three or four other passengers and ourselves. But when we got to the river's edge, we found it loaded with tons of baggage and more than a hundred people. It was so bad that even the captain shivered his timbers.

The river, at its highest and wildest, pounced upon the launch as soon as we pulled out from the shore, and whirled it around like a straw in a drainpipe. For three hours we could still see the lights of Riberalta, first on our right, and then on



Maryknollers are building schools

our left, now behind us, now before. When the captain told us that, because of the heavy cargo and the condition of the river, he was obliged to run at half steam, the Bishop wished to get out and walk — but I had never practiced walking on water.

We worked up enough courage to tackle

The Beni is Bolivia's highway through the jungles. Missioners traveling through South America's backland put friendly waters to use

the problem of arranging for sleep. The captain gave us some help, but he was pretty well stumped, too. There was not enough space to sit in, let alone lie down. I finally ended by sleeping above the Bishop, with my hammock suspended right next to the roof. I wondered how Saint Paul stood it, and I fell asleep on the thought that perhaps he never had to travel by launch. At least, he never launched on the Beni!

Ethea is a neat new little place that nestles down near the water. It was a pleasure to disembark for a while. There are about eighty families there and close to five hundred people. We parked at the edge of its private swamp till about six the next morning, and then in the ever-present dugout canoes the men began unloading cargo and bringing on more wood. The Bishop and I managed to escape amidst a bundling of boxes about half an hour later. The Administrator welcomed us warmly, and had the school immediately

prepared for us for Mass. Afterwards came more baptisms, confirmations, the blessings of water and holy pictures. At ten we were finally free for breakfast. There is nothing like a long, busy morning to build up an appetite, and we ate well. And a little before noon we pulled out once more into the brown swirling waters.

No Pleasure Trip

FOUR days later we reached the biggest and best town on the Beni — Fortaleza. That was where I was to get off. We arrived at about nine o'clock at night, and the captain asked me to leave the ship and sleep on shore, so that he might have a bit more room for hanging hammocks. He didn't need to ask me twice.

Next day, at noon, the Bishop and the launch moved on. It will be at least another month before that craft comes again, to give some others the delights of leisurely travel. When it does come, it needn't look for me. I shall consider it a pleasure of the highest order to scale the Andes or cut my way through the thick tenuous arms of the buried jungle but the pleasures of yachting are not for me. I doubt if I shall ever go launching on the Beni just for fun!

The jungle traveler is very fortunate if a river runs in his direction





Purple Heart notwithstanding, Marine Pvt. William J. Lane (right) can't wait to get back to see "Skipper"

Friends in the Service

"Skipper" Wears a Star

THE young marine, receiving the congratulations of his commanding officer, in the picture above, is twenty-one-year-old William J. Lane, nephew of Maryknoll's Bishop Raymond A. Lane, of Fushun, Manchuria, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lane of Andover, Mass. The handshake by Colonel H. S. Fasett signaled the conclusion of the ceremony in which Bill was awarded the Purple Heart for injuries sustained when a Japanese bomb exploded just fourteen yards from his gun post. Member of a crack anti-aircraft unit which destroyed forty-two planes in ten weeks, Bill is stationed on a forward island base in the Southwest Pacific. In a letter to his father, he writes

that he is anxious to get home soon and see his dog Skipper, who trots the Andover streets with a service star on his collar and gets wildly excited every time he sees a soldier.

Seeing is Believing

"A MISSIONER came from town to say Mass for us," writes Corporal Charles Dower to his mother, Mrs. Charles Dower, of East Syracuse, New York. "As I sat watching him vest for Mass, I noticed how poorly dressed he was, how awfully poor his vestments were. It made one feel mighty sorry for him.

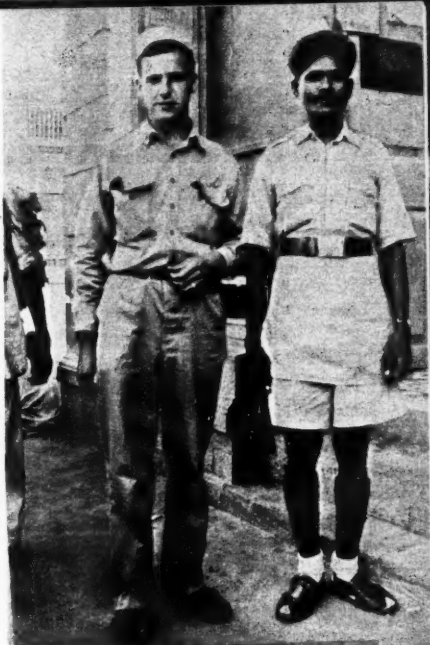
"I thought to myself how bored, how uncatholic, I was when the missioners came to my church for a collection. Since seeing

them, I know now how much they actually need our support. It's funny the way you don't believe something is worthwhile until you actually see it. After Mass I met the missionary. He was Father Lloyd Glass of Cresco, Iowa, a Maryknoller. He has been here nine years, and we are kicking about being over for nine months! All I can say, after seeing his work, is that you really have to hand it to these missionaries."

Bombardier Meets Chaplain

MEET LIEUTENANT HUGH MCCARTHY, of the Army Air Forces and Millis, Mass. Hugh went to a movie in England some time ago and found himself sitting next to Maryknoll's Father Daniel Lenahan. During the conversation that followed, it developed that Hugh knows a great deal about Maryknoll, since he has an uncle and cousin Maryknoll priests, and a brother, Leo, at Maryknoll Seminary.

Lieutenant McCarthy was bombardier in one of the first Fortresses over Schwein-



Cpl. Dower found China the place to meditate on Catholic missions

furt. He received a Presidential Citation for that. He holds the Distinguished Flying Cross and three oak-leaf clusters, as well as another Presidential Citation for shooting down a Nazi 109. He confesses that his hardest mission was his twenty-fifth and last. A flier making his last raid is usually given an easy run, but Hugh's was the first daylight bombing of Berlin. He thought that it would never end.

At present Hugh is instructing bombardiers in Texas. Since returning home, he has paid several visits to Maryknoll. He is enthusiastic in his praise for the work Father Lenahan is doing at a bomber base in England.

To Lt. McCarthy, the 25th was hard



Reunion in Blackthorn Village

by WILLIAM MULCAHY

IT WAS very early in the morning and I (with a fine breakfast riding cozily in my innards) was starting out on a mis-

sion trip. As I opened the front gate, I found three friends standing outside. They were Mrs. Oon, her adopted daughter, Agatha, and Agatha's infant son.

"Well, well," I exclaimed. "It is grand to see you. What brings you back to Blackthorn Village?"

It had been ten years since I had baptized Mrs. Oon and the adopted girl. Since then they had lived in Singapore, where Agatha soon married.

"We came home for a visit," Mrs. Oon answered. "Blackthorn Village will always be home to us."

We chatted for a while, and I admired the baby. Then my visitors said that they would be remaining in Blackthorn for a few days, so we arranged to have a more lengthy chat when I should return from my mission trip to a mountain village.

The first people I called on there were an old couple who had recently been baptized. They were a pleasant pair, and I couldn't help but contrast them with Agatha and her little son.

"Did you never have any children?" I asked the aged lady.

"Oh, it's a long story," she sighed, "and one that we aren't proud of."

"There was a day, eighteen years ago," she said, "when fortune had deserted us. I was sitting in the sun in the doorway, and little North Star, my daughter, who was five years old, was playing in the yard.

Eight dollars for their only child. Then loneliness until Father Mulcahy traced the lost one to Blackthorn Village — to good Mrs. Oon and daughter Agatha

An empty rice bowl, a sick husband, and a happy child, give a mother plenty to think about.

"It was then that the postman came. I recognized him by his green uniform. Who would be writing to us, who can't read? But a letter he had for me — and I was so surprised, that he already was going down the road before I had the wit to call him back and ask him to read it to me.

Daughter for Sale

"**Y**OUR COUSIN," says he, as he squinted at the letter, 'has written this little book, to tell you that in town there is a lady who desires to adopt a daughter. She is willing to pay the sum of two hundred dollars. If you will bring little North Star to your cousin, she will arrange for the adoption immediately.'

"My husband and I talked the matter over that night. He had plans for a business that he could start with two hundred dollars, and he was all in favor of the adoption. I could see the years ahead — years of carrying my own water for the cooking, years of loneliness — for it is nice to have a child around the house, even if it is only a girl. But the empty rice bowl decided us. So the next morning I packed a towel and my extra pair of trousers, and, with a straw sun hat for North Star, we set out.

"We had a week of fine living at my cousin's, but a full stomach didn't make my heart any easier! How was I to know that the price of two hundred dollars was



"She will pay two hundred dollars"

just a dream number, and the actual price was eight dollars? And what good is eight dollars? It would buy a rice bowl, but it wouldn't put much in it.

"At the end of two weeks, I was all for going home, but my cousin argued that it would be better to take the eight dollars,

and insure a decent home for North Star. She could see little difference between the eight dollars and the two hundred. And now after all these years, I think perhaps she was right. So at last I gave in, and accepted the eight dollars, and went home to the old man there with two dollars. He didn't beat me, I must say that. He never was a hand at fists.

God's Finger Pointed

"I'D LIKE to see the little girl again, and so would the old one there, but I think she is very far away. I heard she went to Singapore ten years ago."

"Ten years ago — to Singapore?" I blurted out. "What was the foster mother's name?"

"Oon," said the old lady. "She was a native of Blackthorn Village."

The statement seemed to burst inside me and make my head swim. I thought that surely the kindly finger of God had pointed out the road to the house of the elderly converts.

"Take heart, Old One," I said, "for this morning I had the pleasure of meeting your grandson, and a fine, hearty youngster he is! You'll find your daughter, and your grandson, too, if you but bend your steps to Blackthorn Village."



YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!

WE HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow Members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

Persons sick, 1,769
Persons deceased, 2,005

Persons in the services, 1,382
Other special intentions, 4,136

October Brings Mission Sunday

OCTOBER 22ND is MISSION SUNDAY. This is the day named by the Holy Father for enrolling the Catholics of the world as members of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. In the United States, Catholics likewise on this Sunday aid our home missions and the Catholic Near East Relief.

The *first* mission duty of every Catholic, so the Holy Father tells us, is to become a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Even missionaries themselves, usually when they are young seminarians, enroll as members of this Society, which gathers a great fund of millions of dollars yearly for the mission bishops of the world.

Besides raising this central fund, the diocesan offices of the Propagation of the Faith likewise represent their bishops in encouraging other missionary cooperation within their dioceses. Thus in many ways the Society for the

Propagation of the Faith enters into the life of Maryknoll, and Maryknoll feels deeply indebted to the S.P.F. world center in Rome, to the national office in America, and to the bishops and directors who conduct the diocesan offices. Each year, hundreds of gifts for our missionaries are gathered by these diocesan offices. Without the authorization of your local bishop and the zealous aid of your local diocesan mission director Maryknoll could not make known its work within your diocese.

Maryknollers try to remember this debt to the S.P.F. and establish the work early among their converts. Bishop Ford of So. China, reports his 20,000 Catholics gave, last year, an average of 15c per person.

Remember, then, MISSION SUNDAY, October 22nd, when at Mass you will be requested to renew your enrollment in the Propagation of the Faith.

When the Professor Dies

A PROFESSOR died recently, and his family divided his books, 4500 of them, among two universities. We felt a little envious; they would have done such good work for us. Maryknoll is looking for 50,000 books for its central library and needs thousands more for its schools at home and in the mission field. Even one book is welcome.

Many priests send their books to the Maryknoll library. Duplicates are shipped to our mission centers where the missionary in from the outposts can feast on them.

Men and women who have gathered books on any one of a host of subjects have

thought of Maryknoll. "For years I have bought books on mathematics," said a business man recently. "I'm sure the collection will be useful in your library."

The superior of a house of contemplation wrote recently of a precious collection of books on Colombia. "Our library is limited to spiritual books," said the superior; "we shall be very happy to feel that these volumes will be forwarding the work of Maryknoll."

Should you have a book for us, a shelf of books, or a precious collection, please address: Reverend Librarian, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

MEN OF MARYKNOLL



Jungle Drums — Jungle music is the chief enemy of a missionary's sleep. This is probably because it is so weird. It is usually produced by an accordion and a couple of drums. Once in a while, my friend Carioca shows up with an instrument that is a cross between a trombone and a trumpet: it is shaped like a trombone and has the keys of a trumpet. But most of the time, the accordion and drums carry on alone. Up to the present moment, I have not been able to discover whether the accordion player knows five pieces or whether he is playing the same piece over in five different ways. My house is a little too far from the public square for me to hear the accordion, but I go to sleep under the beating of the drums. No wonder I dream about being scalped!

— *Father Walter Valladon,
of Oakland, California,
now in Porrenir, Bolivia*

Point of View — A wizened old Indian came up and asked me if I didn't think his village was the center of the world. I asked the reason, in unabashed surprise.

"Well," said he, "whenever I look up, the center of the sky appears right overhead." After offering this bit of proof, he hobbled away.

— *Father Arthur Allié,
of Two Rivers, Wisconsin,
now in Central America*

Scriptural Aid — In the light of a glorious moon, in the small hours of the morning, the time when man rests most peacefully, the citizens of Kweilin were horribly disturbed in their sleep by the screeching of the air-raider siren. It sent them helter-skelter to safety while unfriendly planes streaked across the sky. Those whose slumbers were disturbed could take heart from the following Breviary antiphon, if they were acquainted with it: "Let it not be vain for you to rise up early before the light: for the Lord has promised a crown to them that watch."

— *Monsignor John Romaniello,
of New Rochelle, New York,
now in Kweilin, China*

No Horatio Alger — It seems to be the custom here for youngsters at school to have reading at the noon meal. Perhaps this is a way of keeping them quiet or of not wasting time while dining. At any rate, we find *Tom Playfair* in its Spanish translation being utilized for this purpose. Many of Father Finn's fine stories for boys are available in Spanish. Next in order is *Huckleberry Finn*, and I fear that the boys will conclude that there is a relationship between Mark Twain's hero and the beloved author of *Tom Playfair*.

— *Father George Powers,
of Lynn, Massachusetts,
now in Talca, Chile*



The Cappels—Paul, John, Mother, Fr. Joseph and Robert—at home in Norwood

The Cappels from Ohio

by ROBERT W. GARDNER

"FATHER," he said, "that magazine of yours is pretty good, but it's dwindling down in size so that it has no bulk left; there's hardly a fistful to it any more."

"You mean," I said, "that it hasn't got bulk enough?"

"I tell you, Father, if one of my boys was as lean as THE FIELD AFAR, I'd dose him up with cod-liver oil or something."

"Well," I agreed, "it is pretty small."

"Small!" he exclaimed. "Why, it's downright puny."

I was having a visit with the Cappel family of Norwood, Ohio, and Mr. Cappel, being a printer, knew, of course, that the size of the publication was reduced to meet wartime regulations, and he was in hearty accord with Maryknoll's policy that

The Cappel family has two sons Maryknollers. The first has been a missionary for almost a decade, and the second has recently left for Peru, his first assignment

if Uncle Sam should ask, we would bring it down to postage-stamp size.

Norwood is a beautiful town. It is a

suburb of Cincinnati. The streets, cool and shaded by rows of healthy trees that line the curbstones, seem to make connecting links between the homes and create a neighborly, friendly atmosphere. The Cappel house is built of red brick which hides behind a row of shrubs. We were sitting in the sunporch. It was after sundown, and the fireflies blinked their luminous, green eyes.

Their Second Ordination

"IT WAS a great day at Maryknoll," Mrs. Cappel said. "We just returned this morning, you know."

"Did you have good seats in the chapel for the ordination?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. We know the ropes now. When Joe was ordained, we were near the back, but this time we knew where to go, and we could watch everything that Charles was doing. We could even tell the moment when he became a priest."

"What did you do when it was over?" I asked.

"Oh, we met some very nice people and talked."

By this time Mr. Cappel was chuckling to himself. "Why don't you come right out and tell him, Mother?" he laughed. Then turning to me — "We went downtown and had a cold glass of beer, Father. It was very good, too."

There are seven children in the Cappel family — all of them boys. Three of them have enviable Army records, and two are priests. Mr. Cappel came to this country from Germany when he was ten years old, and he began working in a print shop at Covington, Kentucky, almost before he knew one letter from another. But he stuck and he learned — as good men are bound to do — and then he went into the business for himself and made it the servant of his splendid family.

Mrs. Cappel is from Mount Adams, an

old section of Cincinnati. Her sensible, kindly hand is seen in the family's harmony. It would be the natural thing to say that she is quiet and benign, like Whistler's mother, but she isn't — not in the least. She is as sprightly and vivacious as any one of her sons, and it was difficult to realize, as I sat and talked to her and her husband, that they had been married for thirty-seven years.

The Family Roster

JOHN is the baby of the family. He was going to Xavier University in Cincinnati when the time came for him to get into the war. He slid his tall, rangy frame in G.I.'s and eventually went to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, where he is waiting to be sent overseas. Paul is the next rung in the ladder. The war found him at the University, too. Father Charles was busy with his packing, the night I was there. He had returned to Norwood with his parents after the ordination ceremony and was getting a few articles together for his assignment in Peru.

The oil of ordination was still moist on his hands, and the zeal for priestly work was quick within his heart. Father Charles was quiet that night. He was thinking, no doubt, of his future home in the South American mountains.

"How should you like to be going along with me?" he asked.

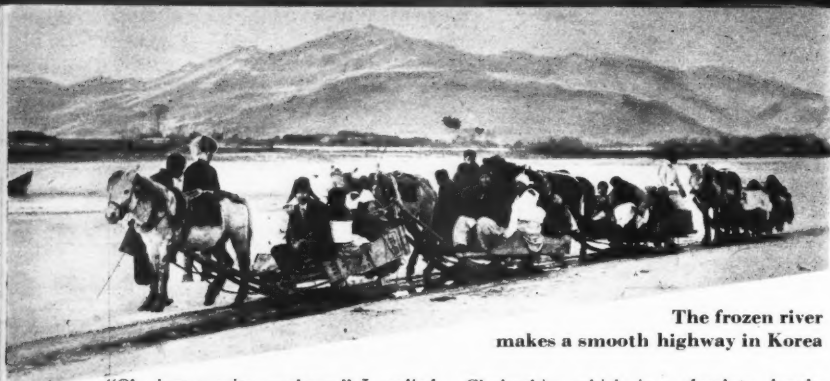
"I'd be tickled to death!" I said. And as I said it, I saw Mr. Cappel begin to chuckle as he looked from his son to me.

I knew that he had something on his mind. "Come on, Mr. Cappel," I urged. "You might as well say it as think it."

"Don't you think you are a shade too heavy for mountain climbing, Father?" he asked.

Both priests are in Latin America





**The frozen river
makes a smooth highway in Korea**

"Oh, just a mite, perhaps," I replied.
"Now Daddy, you be quiet," Mrs. Cappel broke in. "Father, won't you have another potato chip?"

Louis is in the printing business with his father. He is married and has two little girls. Robert, after finishing college, worked as an accountant, but he is now a corporal in the Army and is stationed in New Zealand.

Champ Bike Rider

THE oldest boy, Father Joseph, was ordained at Maryknoll in 1935. His first claim to glory came in Norwood when he was about thirteen. At that time Joe worked for the owner of a meat market, and the gyrations he learned to perform on a bicycle were a sight to behold. He could carry bundles and ride any place where the wheels would fit. One-hand, no-hand, uphill, downhill, stand-on-the-seat, any way you could think of, were all the same to Joe, and the envious children of the neighborhood predicted that he would be a great man when he grew up.

After ordination, in 1935, Father Joe was sent to Korea, Japan's mainland colony in northern Asia. When he had learned the language of the country and could eat *kimchee* with the best of Koreans, he was told to pack an extra pair of mittens and ear muffs. He had been assigned to

Chukochin, which is a desolate, lonely section of the north country where the weather becomes bitterly cold.

Father Joe installed himself as the resident missionary of Chukochin. When he trudged the many far-flung miles to his mission outposts and to the homes of the Christians, he thought of the speed and freedom of a bicycle. But bicycles are not good in snowdrifts and over jagged ground.

Then one day, as he was looking at the frozen surface of the broad Yalu River, he thought, "Why not?" He got out his bicycle and tried it out on the ice. It was perfect! An amateur at the wheel might skid a little bit, of course, but not Father Joe.

A Frozen Missioner

ONE morning, when Father Joe was sitting in his rectory catching up on correspondence and listening to the wind as it snatched angrily at the corners of his roof, a messenger arrived to tell him that one of his parishioners was getting ready to join his ancestors. There is no compromise with death, and Father Joe made ready for a twelve-mile trip to prepare the patient for heaven.

The temperature was forty degrees below zero, and the missioner buried his feet beneath six strata of woolen socks, put

on so many sweaters and windbreakers that he was practically unbendable, and then hopped on his bike and rode over the ice of the Yalu. About halfway to the patient's house, he ran afoul of a hole that a fisherman had dug through the ice. Although the bicycle remained on the surface, Father Joe made a swan dive into the icy water.

As soon as he scrambled out of the hole, he hopped on the machine again and pedaled like fury towards the sick man's house. When he arrived, he was a solid block of ice. The only mobile parts of him were his knee joints, which had been kept from solidifying by the constant motion of the pedals.

He administered the sacraments (still vested in ice), and then stood before the fire to melt himself into a state of freedom. While he thawed, he noticed that the old grandfather of the family was crying silently.

"Don't cry," Father Joe said. "I don't think your boy will die. He looks very strong."

"I'm not crying about the boy," the old man said. "But when I think of your father, it makes me very sad. If he saw

your hardships, he would cry, I know."

Father Joe patted the old man's shoulder, and in his own mind, he said: "I guess he doesn't know my Dad. It would take more than a hole in the ice and a little chilly weather to make my Dad cry!"

War Prisoner

WHEN the war broke out, Father Joe was placed in a Japanese internment camp and, later, was returned to the United States on a prisoners' exchange ship, but before many months were past he was off to Chillan, in interior Chile, South America, to pedal his way through new fields.

The *Casa Cappel* was almost too good to leave. But I was to take a train to New York, so I shook hands all 'round and started on my way.

The Pullman porter was fixing the ladder for me to climb into bed. "Fawthuh," he grinned, "the man what fust made these heah berths musta been real *thin*."

"Yep, porter," I said, "it's a hard climb for a fat man." And then, as I was puffing into upper six, I thought, "I wonder if this guy has been talking to Mr. Cappel."

In summer a launch, equipped with an airplane propeller, plies the Yalu



MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



Unquiet Hearts

ALL PEOPLE always need God, but people who have been through a global war come finally to know definitely that they need God, and to be disposed actively to seek Him, if haply they might find Him.

This need has been seared into the minds and hearts — and indeed into the maimed bodies — of human beings everywhere, through the failure of human means to preserve them from the greatest of all tragedies. It may be that the post-war world will witness a conscious and eager search, all over the globe and even into its farthest corners, for the divine principle that will insure peace.

This may seem much to hope, when we consider the vast distances that still separate the various sections of the earth's population, the comparative ignorance that still pervades whole regions and continents, and the well-known apathy of the human race in general; yet to say that the people want God today is only a way of saying that they do not want another World War tomorrow. Nobody wants the endless repetition of this human holocaust.

The longing for peace is not confined to the idealists of our own highly developed Western civilization: it is an aim now generally shared by every member of the human race in every odd corner of the globe where the monstrous disaster of machine-age war has touched. To an age bent on the rediscovery of God, the mis-

sion march of the Church will minister.

Angel Street

If all the world's a stage and every man an actor on it, there must be an audience; and October reminds us that we strut through our brief engagement, including our humblest unseen tasks, before the eyes of God and the angels. Fortunately, we may hope that this audience is such as to make every merciful allowance for our mistakes, though certainly we may not hope that it will fail to perceive and note any and all of them, even to the slightest word or thought.

It is also consoling to know that in the audience is a special friend or guardian for each one of us — a sort of prompter in the wings, as it were — whose business it is to see that we avoid the pitfalls of our exacting role and acquit ourselves with credit. It is sometimes thought that the prompter not only influences our performance for good, but also reports it for good or ill, and this pious belief often leads to sensible conclusions.

A first-grade pupil studied the wall picture of a life-size Guardian Angel for some moments, and then appealed to her Maryknoll Sister teacher in St. Louis with a serious question: "Have I got a big ol' angel like that one, lookin' after me?"

The teacher signified that something like that was about what happened. "Then I gotta be good!"

The same logic might aid the rest of us

in our efforts to turn in a good performance. And it is also salutary to remember that we do not play a return engagement.

Communication Lines

SILENCE is the rule of the Maryknoll Cloistered Branch, and it is well observed by all its members except for one noisy extern who has recently attached himself to the community. Apparently he assumed his post altogether of his own volition and without any official appointment by the Mother General, but he seems no whit disconcerted by the lack of these important credentials. He decided his

vocation for himself. We do not deny that he has certain contemplative gifts of a high order, including a propensity to vocal prayer that rates him as a specialist. He also possesses in notable degree the persistent perseverance that is an essential element of any true vocation to the religious life; in fact, he sometimes sins by excess in this laudable virtue, and never more so than in his peculiar attitude towards the rule of silence. Not that he fails to stress its importance as an essential feature of the cloistered life — quite the contrary. He believes in it so strongly for others that he continually violates the rule himself in his zeal for its strict observance.

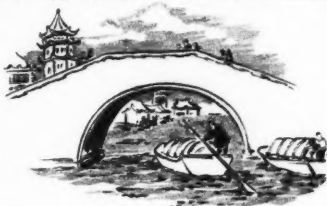
Having reduced the Sisters to silence by his constant chatter during their daylight hours, he is presently engaged in trying to undermine their telephone pole, as if bent on severing all their communications

with the outside world. We do not know what the telephone company thinks about this attack on their property, but we know what the Sisters think, and it is that they might as well live next to a shipyard as to listen to the tapping and rat-tat-tatting of this self-invited riveter. He surely makes plenty of noise for one who appears so zealous in fostering the reign of silence around the Cloister. He is woefully devoid of all respect for the Superior.

We believe that the annoyed Sisters have it in their hearts to forgive him, however, for he has his own good points that are not without their appeal, and among them

are a strikingly handsome topknot, an enviable coat of the finest feathers, and a simple determination to do exactly what God appointed him to do. Yes, he is only a woodpecker, admirable though some of his traits may be to qualify him for entry into the religious community he seems to have adopted. He makes his own contribution in his own way to the life of serious prayer and hard work that goes on in the little house on the hill at Maryknoll.

We have decided to tolerate him. We hope he does not succeed in cutting off the telephone line by which we request cloistered prayers for our many needs. But we believe the Sisters have another special line of communication that goes fairly straight to the central switchboard — we mean really and truly central — so perhaps we shan't need to worry too much about their feathered extern, as long as they can be heard in that quarter.



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Land o' Rags. "One of our problems," write Maryknoll Sisters in China, "is to find cloth for our religious habits in a land where for years four hundred million brave people have been wearing rags." China's suffering, our mission priests and Sisters remind us, is to be measured in terms not of armies and



battles, but of the colossal, day-to-day fight for food, for clothing, for shelter. In the photograph, these refugee children — some of them from the hinterland and, therefore, camera shy; others from the big cities, eager to pose in the clothing just received — wait with classic patience for the next bowl of *congee*.

Pedro the Don

by WILKIE GORDON

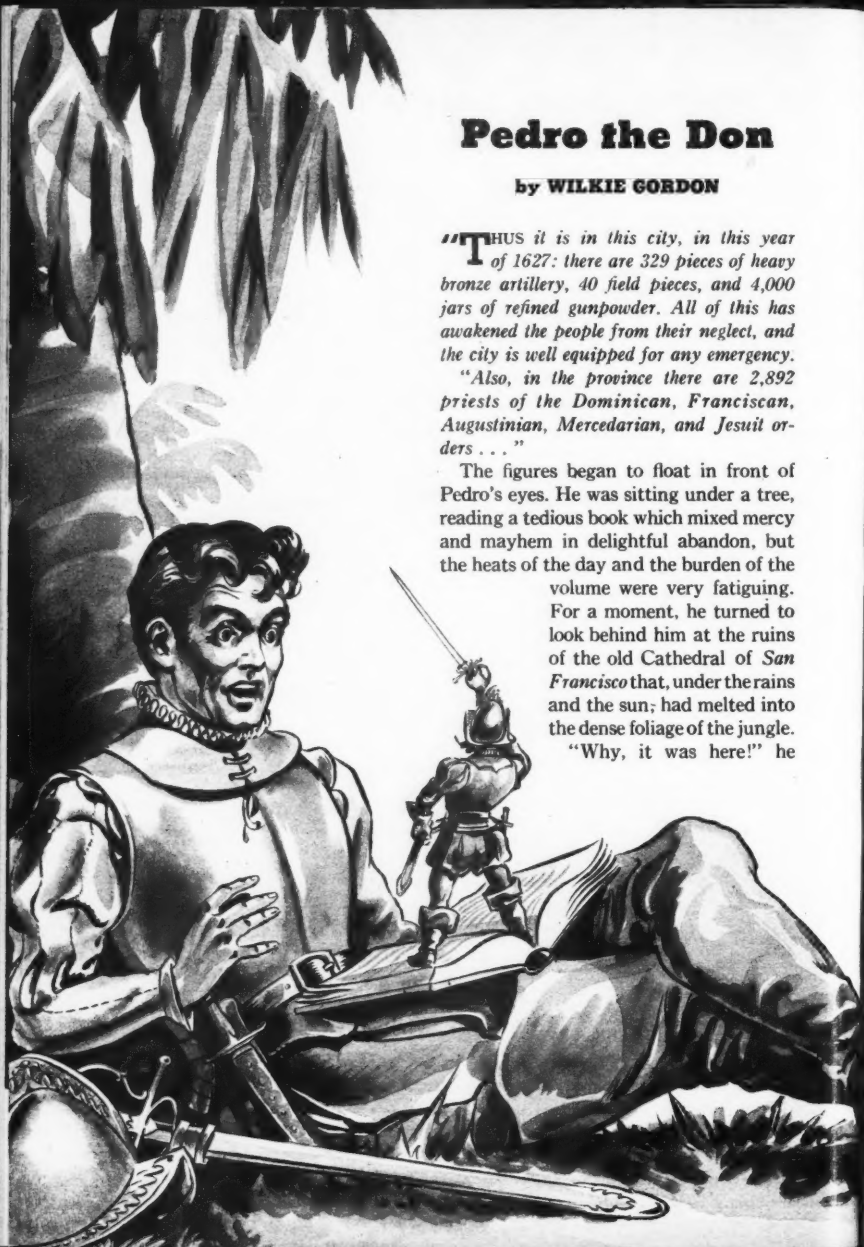
"THUS it is in this city, in this year of 1627: there are 329 pieces of heavy bronze artillery, 40 field pieces, and 4,000 jars of refined gunpowder. All of this has awakened the people from their neglect, and the city is well equipped for any emergency.

"Also, in the province there are 2,892 priests of the Dominican, Franciscan, Augustinian, Mercedarian, and Jesuit orders . . ."

The figures began to float in front of Pedro's eyes. He was sitting under a tree, reading a tedious book which mixed mercy and mayhem in delightful abandon, but the heats of the day and the burden of the volume were very fatiguing.

For a moment, he turned to look behind him at the ruins of the old Cathedral of *San Francisco* that, under the rains and the sun, had melted into the dense foliage of the jungle.

"Why, it was here!" he



said to himself. "This is the place that the book tells about." That seemed to settle the point well in his mind and so he leaned his head against the cacao tree and, with the book still open on his lap, went to sleep.

Suddenly, a shrill, insistent voice began to beat on his ears. The words were indistinct and made Pedro restless. Under his hands, the book began to wiggle and jump, and Pedro looked down — to see a tiny helmeted head peering out from between two leaves and shouting indignantly.

"Let me out of here, you lazy dolt!" it screamed. "Let me out, or I'll have you thrown in a dungeon."

"Oh, pardon me, *Senor*," Pedro replied. "It must be warm inside there."

"Warm, did you say? Warm, you call it? Why, you stupid jackanapes, it's hotter than the outskirts of Gehenna, and that's bad enough without being mixed up with that gang of cutthroats."

"What cutthroats, *Senor*?"

"What cutthroats? Ha, ha! What cutthroats, you say? Why, you pug-nosed dope, that bunch of thugs in chapter nineteen would just as soon cut out your heart as look at you."

"You don't say."

"*I do say*. Now just what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know, *Senor*," Pedro replied. "What do you think I should do about it?"

The dwarf was so angry that he puffed up almost to the exploding point. Then he pulled his sword from a tiny scabbard and slashed the air in the direction of Pedro. His seventeenth-century armor was complete in every detail, from gorget to sollerets; and as he hopped around on the page of Pedro's book, the metal clothing rattled and tinkled like that of a little tin soldier.

"What will you do?" the tiny soldier screamed. "Why, you dunderhead! you poltroon! get on your horse and fight them off before they kill the *Padres* and make off with all the gold plate in the Cathedral."

Pedro noticed then, for the first time, that he himself was dressed in exactly the same manner as the soldier. As he was comparing notes on their respective suits of armor, the little fellow continued "Those thugs are coming down the road now."

"I thought you said they were in chapter nineteen," Pedro observed.

"Of course I did, you dunderhead! But you don't think they are going to stay in there all day, do you? Get on your horse and go after them."

Pedro laid the book and the soldier gently on the ground and stood up. There before him were the market place and the huge Cathedral of *San Francisco*.

The mountains in the background were the same — there was no doubt about that — and this was country with which he was familiar; but everything was different. The delicately carved tympana above the doors of the Cathedral were new and beautiful, and he could see candles glowing faintly in the dim recesses of the interior.

"Where are all the people?" Pedro asked.

"They are hiding from the bandits," the soldier called up to him. "Now *will* you get on your horse and go out and fight them!"

Pedro felt a nudge and turned around to see a beautiful white mount standing behind him. He loosened the sword in his scabbard and swung lightly into the silver-studded saddle.

"Hey!" called the little soldier. "Take me with you. How do you think you are going to handle that bunch alone?"

As the horse galloped along the road, the dwarf inspected a stain on one of his tiny gauntlets. "You just wait," he said to Pedro. "Just wait until you start to fight with Greppo and Grinzo. Ha, ha! They will slice you into ribbons. Say, what's the matter? Can't this old piece of crow meat go any faster?"

"Are Greppo and Grinzo friends of yours, Senor?" Pedro asked.

"No, of *course* they are not friends of mine. I told you they are thugs. Do you think I associate with thugs? I come from a very fine family, I'll have you know, you silly-looking idiot. How *dare* you insult my family like that!"

"A thousand pardons, Senor! Here are some riders coming now. Are they the thugs?"

As the two horsemen approached Pedro, they drew up and stopped. "Where do you think you are going?" asked one as he fingered his sword.

"I think, Senors," Pedro replied politely, "I am going to fight with you if you do not mind."

"Oh, no. We do not mind at all," said the first speaker. "What is your name, fellow?"

"My name is Pedro, Senor."

"Well, I am very glad to know you, Pedro. My name is Grinzo and this is my friend Greppo. We never like to kill people unless we know who they are."

"It is a shame to fight," Pedro sighed as he hopped from his horse. "But I suppose you must, and I do not think that I am going to let you kill the Padres. They are good friends of mine."

The two bandits stamped on the ground to limber the muscles of their fighting legs. Then they slipped their long shining swords from the scabbards.

"Are you ready, Pedro?" asked Greppo. "Oh, yes, Senors. Do I fight you both?"

"I think so," he replied. "It will make it quicker."

Grinzo made a lunge at Pedro, but Pedro stepped aside and turned in time to parry a thrust from Greppo. The two thugs were excellent swordsmen and handled their weapons steadily and without great effort. Pedro found, to his surprise, that the sword was not at all unfamiliar to his hand and that, even with the threat of death hanging over him, he was beginning to enjoy himself.

"Are you ready to kill me yet, Senors?" Pedro laughed.

"We'll cut your heart out," panted Grinzo. "We'll slice you like — Ouch!"

Pedro had nicked Grinzo in the arm, and the bandit's sword fell to the ground. According to the rules, Grinzo should have been out of the fight, and so Pedro turned to Greppo to continue the battle. He did not see the wounded man crawl behind him. The two friends were working a prearranged trick: Grinzo, on all fours, moved in quickly behind Pedro's heels, and Greppo rushed forward recklessly as if to make a killing attack. Pedro naturally stepped back — and tripped over Grinzo. He sprawled on his back, and his sword went flying through the air.

The little fellow on the saddle could not contain himself any longer. He was getting more bloodthirsty by the minute. "Get up, Pedro. Slice them into ribbons!" he screamed. "Splash their blood!"

"Shut up, you little weasel," called Greppo. Then, turning to Pedro, "Are you ready to be killed now?"

"No, thank you, Senors," Pedro replied. "If it is all the same to you, I should like to fight a little longer."

"We'd like to oblige you, Pedro," said Greppo, "but you see, we must hurry off and kill the Padres before it gets too late."

"Don't be afraid, Pedro. Go on and

kill them!" screamed the midget.

They both turned at the sound of the shrill voice. Grinzo, whose arm was painning him, snapped, "I told you to shut up, you little maggot!"

At that moment, Pedro rose from the ground like a coiled spring. All the tremendous force of his powerful body and arms was in the blow that flattened the thugs on the ground. Then he stood upon them, one foot on the chest of each.

Pedro was turning to call his horse, so that he could get a piece of rope to tie the captives. He did not see the bushes on the roadside as they parted. Two ugly-looking fighters stepped into the road. One of them swung a huge bludgeon and brought it down, with all his might, on Pedro's head, and Pedro dropped like a log.

When he awoke, Pedro saw that the three Padres from the Cathedral were sitting on the ground beside him.

"Did Greppo and Grinzo capture you, Padres?" asked Pedro.

"Yes, Pedro," said one. "They are busy robbing the church just now, but they will be back soon."

"Will the bandits not get arrested?"

"No. Nobody will bother them," the Padre replied sadly. "They have too many friends in high places, and they will share the money."

"Too bad," said Pedro. "Maybe the beautiful church and the town will be lost if nobody protects them."

"Yes," said the Padre sadly. "I think they will be lost."

"And what will happen to us?" Pedro

continued, as he looked at the priests.

"Oh, don't you know?" asked the tiny soldier. "It is all in the book. Pretty soon the Padres will all be taken away. Some of them will be killed; some of them will go to jail; and after a while, the churches will begin to fall apart."

"What a great pity!" mourned Pedro. "The beautiful churches and the schools will be lost. What can I do to save them?"

"You can do nothing, Pedro," replied the little fellow. "Nothing at all. You see, you were born much too late to be helpful. However, *all* hope is not lost; some day priests will come again."

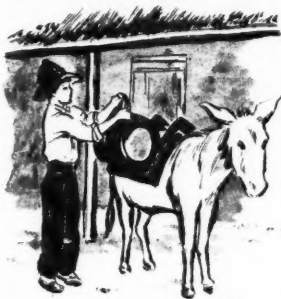
Suddenly a shadow appeared before them. Grinzo and Greppo looked down at the midget with fury.

"I told you," shouted Grinzo at the little soldier, "that you make too much noise! You have caused trouble for us as long as I can remember."

Then, drawing back with an ugly-looking leather whip, he made a slash at the midget. Pedro, however, saw what was coming and leaned forward to catch the blow. A searing pain ripped across his arm. As he bent under the blow, he heard the little soldier say: "Good-by, Pedro. It is all over."

He opened his eyes suddenly and looked around him. The cacao tree was still there; the ruins of the Cathedral of *San Francisco* were behind him; the jungle was back in its familiar place. But the pain in his arm still remained. There was a droning sound about his head as he looked down to inspect the wound.

"Ha!" he said. "It was a bee sting!" And he rubbed a rising welt.



Knoll Notes

Bending Over Benches

THE need of repairs around our compound is a continual reminder that we

have not here a last-
ing city. Fortunately,
we have Saint
Michael, the defend-
er of the heavenly
citadel, and a corps
of faithful Auxiliary
Brothers to rely on.
The Brothers spend
most of their time
bending over benches,
either in the chapel
or in the shop, as
they contribute their
hidden service to
keep Maryknoll
functioning efficiently.
Painters and carpenters,
electricians and plumbers,
mechanics and roofers,
our Brothers are a
versatile lot. Added
to these duties are
the care of our forty
acres of farmland
and reams of office

work that keep another
squad busy. The
Brothers are men
who have passed up
the chance to make
names for themselves
in the world for the
distinction of having
inscribed on their
modest headstones,
in Maryknoll's God's
Acre, Saint Michael's
war cry: "Quis ut Deus!
(Who is Like to God!)"

Knollers in Rome

FATHER THOMAS F. NOLAN, chaplain with

the Three Hundred and
Thirty-seventh Infantry,
formerly a Maryknoll
missioner in Korea,
writes of a flying visit
he made to Maryknoll
in Rome as he passed

through the Eternal
City with the Fifth
Army: "I visited
Collegio Maryknoll
a couple of times,
and found Fathers
Dietz and Collins
well and in the best
of spirits. At the
suggestion of the
Vatican, Via Sardegna
83 (the address of
our house) has been
thrown open to
accommodate Allied
Catholic chaplains
tarrying in Rome.
The Maryknollers
are doing a splendid
piece of work as
war-time hosts,
and those who
avail themselves
of an opportunity
to rest themselves
under the hospitable
roof have nothing
but praise for the

amiable treatment
they are receiving."
Maryknoll at home
is very proud indeed
of Maryknoll in Rome
and wishes Godspeed
to its representatives
in the Eternal City.

Booby Traps

WHILE it is impossible
to reproduce mission
conditions faithfully
in a mission seminary,
yet an effort is made
to give student
missioners experience
in field work.



Bro. Columba—handy man with tools

One such activity is catechetics; practice is obtained by actually catechizing the children of nearby parishes.

Here the missionary gets his mettle tested. A kindly pastor forms a sort of intelligence service revealing centers of resistance and warning of the presence of booby traps in the form of innocent questions like the following:

"Brother, what did the firemen say when the church burned down?"

Brother Teacher acknowledges his ignorance. Wily little Miss Tucker arches her eyebrows, and says, "Holy smoke!"

A few experiences like this, and the future man of Maryknoll gets hardened and wary. After about six months, he finds his class responding to his weekly barrage of questions, illustrations, and stories and discovers he has acquired powers as a catechist.

Maryknoll's Fr. Dietz in Roman togs

•
The classroom, world's finest proving ground for future foreign missionaries



In League with Mars

by **SISTER ROSE VICTOR**

WHILE praying daily with Christians everywhere for a speedy and just peace, we are nevertheless aware of the many blessings that have come to our mission during, and perhaps even because of, this dreadful conflict.

The hope has been realized for many among the thousand patients whom Sister Antonia Maria, M.D., has treated every month in the clinic. The case of one group was especially interesting, so we will give the details of it here.



Sister Gloria has visitors at her South China dispensary

A few years ago, there were about 50,000 natives in Kweilin. As a result of the steady stream of refugees driven from other parts of China by floods, bombs, and famine, the population jumped in a brief period to 400,000. Immediately there was urgent need of medical care. This was our signal to open wide the doors of Maryknoll's dispensary with the hope that our medicine shop would serve as a passageway to the Church, as it so often had in peace time.

A young woman came into the dispensary with the most undernourished baby I ever saw. It was for her child only that the little mother sought help, though obviously she herself was a current victim of war's wrath. Hunger, sorrow, and suffering etched her features, but anxiety for her child was cutting the deepest lines. With a pleading gesture she offered us her precious bundle. There was no question but that the saving waters should be poured,

and this we did immediately. Later the baby was given medicine, the last of our priceless cod-liver oil.

Youth and the Blind

THE following day the mother returned with some neighbors in tow; they were an elderly lady almost blind, and a young woman. Without preamble, the newcomers announced that they wished to study our religion; and just as simply, after binding up the wound of the day's last patient,

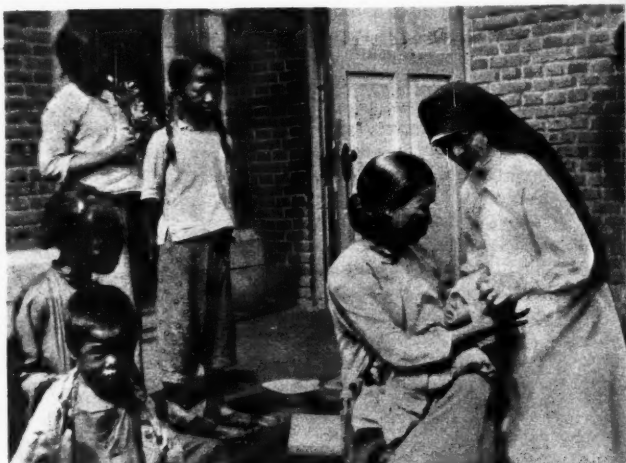
Sister Doctor began treating their souls. To instruct the two younger women was fairly easy, because they could read; but the task was more difficult with Grandma, because the Chinese characters were blurred to her eyes. Failing sight, however, was no obstacle to her locomotion; and despite the great distance she had to travel on foot, the aged woman was as faithful in coming to class every day, and eventually as finished a pupil, as were her companions.

The course was well advanced before we learned how the trio happened to ask for instructions. Their interest was aroused when the mother of the sick baby went home and told her experience. She said she didn't know what Sister had done to the baby's head, but whatever it was, it caused the baby to open its eyes; and from that time on, the child grew steadily better. Two of the woman's listeners asked to return with her to question the doctor.

When the mother discovered that the baby had been baptized, all seemed clear to her. "Without God's special blessing,"

she said, "the baby would never have lived."

Another woman, who had come only twice for instruction, never came back, and for some time none of us had a chance to find out why. One day in our travels, we reached her house. We went inside and found her at death's door. She pleaded for Baptism, and we gladly administered it. Though it reads like a fairy tale, she died the next day. Whose prayers sent us to her



The ailing Chinese baby is a patient of Sister Paula

door will be one of the happy surprises of heaven.

Dispensary tales are legion, but there

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

I, (Print name)

, of

Address

Number

Street

Zone No.

State

enclose herewith \$, to be used by Maryknoll Sisters for the direct work of saving souls, for the spiritual benefit of

(Print name of relative or friend in the service)

I will send, as long as I can, \$ Maryknoll Sister. (\$1 supports a Sister one day.)

each month for the support of a

are other factors too, working toward conversions. In the afternoons, Sister Antonia Maria is kept busy going on sick calls from house to house. Not infrequently there are deathbed conversions. Sister Gabriel Marie takes care of the North Gate section of the city, where we have been fortunate in having a doctrine course in session almost continuously. The more wonder this, because the North Gate is about an hour and a half's walk.

With Kweilin fast changing into a modern city, we find that many of the girls here, separated from their families and previous environment, turn to the Sisters as to mothers. Two years ago many of these same young girls came here as students, to complete their education. Now they are making themselves attractive according to Western standards; they've learned to dance, they go out, they suffer from the complexities of modern living. The parish has sponsored several dances to try to bring our young men and women together under Catholic auspices (study clubs do not enter much into this scheme),

so it is easily seen that mission work has changed since the time, not long ago, when we didn't have to worry about where the children were at night.

Through the sodalities we are trying to give the women a course in solid Catholic doctrine. I wish I had a picture of one woman who came to a meeting with her bedding. She said, "It's not safe to leave things at home these days."

Example of Airmen

Nor the least contributing element to war-born conversions must be the good example of our own American Catholic airmen. Their attendance at the Holy Sacrifice and their reception of the sacraments are inspirations for all who hear of the facts — and in China, mind, there are no secrets! At the present time the Sisters in South China are again on the road. The Japanese drive to split China by taking the vital Hankow-Canton railroad has forced the natives to seek safer living quarters elsewhere. The missionaries are accompanying their adopted people.

Explanation of Catholic doctrines is the major occupation of mission Sisters



Heading Home

BIG JOE (Father Joseph Sweeney, of Hartford, Connecticut — a Connecticut Yankee at Heaven's Gate) is coming home! His numb ones at the Gate of Heaven Leprosarium were decimated by the famine of last year. In his anxiety for his derelicts, Father Joe lost eighty pounds, developing a cough that caused the doctor to order him to neighboring Toishan for a rest and medical care at the little Catholic hospital there. Bishop Paschang, of Martinsburg, Mo., had no one to replace Father Joe, so he stepped in himself and carried on until Father John Joyce (whose parents reside at Scarsdale, New York) could be freed to take the place of Father Sweeney. Father Joyce is no stranger to leper work; in fact, he is so fond of it that he spends his vacations at the Leprosarium. The presence of hostile Japanese across the river holds no fears for Father John, who once, at another mission, looked into the muzzle of a Nipponese revolver.

Maryknoll Center, learning of Father Sweeney's alarming loss of weight, and hearing that his aged parents were to celebrate their Golden Wedding anniversary this fall, judged the present a propitious time for Father Joe to return for a well-deserved furlough.

Writing to a Sister benefactor, after having spent a few months resting and receiving medical attention, Father Joe says: "I feel a new man, but the doctor still urges that I go home, and Maryknoll so ordered last month. Happily, my parents are celebrating their Golden Wedding in the fall, and this might be the best time to see them, when the number of lepers is low and not likely to increase till the end of the war. So I may be heading for the U.S.A. within a couple of months."



The Promise of Our Lady of Fatima

"I promise to help at the hour of death with the graces needed for their salvation whoever, on the first Saturday of five consecutive months shall confess and receive Holy Communion, recite five decades of the Rosary, and keep me company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary with the intention of making reparation to me."



World Christianity

by **PETER COSMON**

FOR ALL OF LIFE AND ALL OF THE LIVING

ON D-DAY, Aaron Moskowitz approached Monsignor McCaffrey, who was standing outside Holy Cross Church in New York, and said, "Monsignor, I am a Jew, but please remember my boy, Lieutenant Murray Moskowitz, in your prayers."

Monsignor bowed and replied, "Mr. Moskowitz, none of us forgets the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

In the breath-taking flood of high exaltation, this is literally true. But too often, when the great crisis passes, we come down from the mountaintop, the clear vision blurs, and we are victims once again of our sad inadequacies.

How splendid it would be if we could mark the normal course of our lives with Christian dedication to all men. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, a man truly great in his thoughts, wrote recently:

"I have two sayings which may sum up my revolutionary philosophy of life. The first is, 'The purpose of our living is to improve and enrich the living of mankind.' The second is, 'The significance of our life lies in its creative contribution to the continuity of the life of the universe.'"

"If we could fully understand the meaning of this revolutionary philosophy, we should all devote ourselves entirely to its realization and never falter in our efforts until we die. By so doing, we may also attain eternal life and win the admiration of posterity of all the people in the world as Jesus Christ did."

Philosopher Chiang

CHIANG KAI-SHEK's talk of living and dying for mankind and for the universe might seem vague and academic, did he not challenge us resoundingly by reminding us that Jesus Christ did precisely that. Christ died for all; the Church has reminded us of this truth continually in every generation. At random we pick up the teachings of the Provincial Council of Quiercy, back in the ninth century, and we find, "As there never was, is, or will be any man whose nature was not assumed by Our Lord Jesus Christ, so there never was, is, or will be any man for whom He has not suffered."

Yet too often it is not Jesus Christ or His followers who come to the mind of the many needy millions over the world when they search for helpers. In India, for instance, according to the *Clergy Magazine*

of Madras, great numbers think of the Communists.

"The Communist Party in India," says this magazine, "is making a bid — a successful bid, too — for the leadership of the dispossessed masses of India.

The Communist Vision

"**T**HEY are eloquent on the cruel injustice of the present evil system, and they propose drastic remedies which they assert will heal every social ailment, confer on the proletariat the blessing of plenty and prosperity, and raise the human race to the highest level of protection."

Mother Anna Dengel, of the Medical Missionaries who work in India, comments on this in her magazine. "The Communist has his vision, his land of promise," she says, "but we, what have we? We have neither a dream nor a vision. We have a Reality; we have Christ. . . .

"Where is the living fire of love for this Christ? What have we done, and left undone, that the Communist cannot see that his loaves of man-made bread and bottles of cow's milk would not be, without the immense loving care of our Father Who is God; that his human comradeship of men is a puny thing beside a living Unity, a Brotherhood of all men in Christ; that his candle flame of human science and progress and human love is eclipsed in the great Fire of the Spirit of all Truth and all Love?

"Where is our *Lumen Christi*? Have we hid it under the bushel of self-love instead of raising it upon the candlestick, let us say the mountaintop, of Christ-love? Is the Christ-light in our hearts grown so small that the human flame of Communism looms large beside it? Perhaps Mr. Sheed is right when he says, 'It may be, in God's Providence, that the mission of the Communist with his flame is to

remind us that our own fire is burning low.'"

Doctor George Shuster of Hunter College is among the few who see tomorrow's problems with a prepared Catholic eye. "What must happen," says the Doctor, "is that the Christian group understand clearly the basic problem of human society, which is the right relation between the strong and the weak. There are three ways of approaching this question. One may hold that the strong ought to dominate, in accordance with what Hitler terms the 'law of nature.' One may contend that the strong should be suppressed, and some modern egalitarians are eager supporters of such views. And finally one may hold that the strong must dedicate themselves to the service of the weaker members of society, so that all may profit together. This is the Christian position."

Full-grown Christianity

IN A LARGER sense, striving for peace is not enough. Peace can be a negative concept — merely the absence of war. We should strive for something positive, the full Catholic concept of life, which is not a mere emergency measure for meeting crises. We must educate all men to World Christianity. That is, we must cultivate in children, young folks and adults: (1) a knowledge of and regard for the peoples of the earth, our brothers in Christ, and appreciation of our responsibility to promote the welfare of all mankind according to Christian ideals; (2) a devotion to the Church's task of carrying to all non-Catholics and non-Christians Christ's teachings and life of charity.

"And the king answering, shall say to them: Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."
— MATT. 25:40

On the Mission Front

The Rains Came

THE recent rains have driven into the house a veritable plague of ants, and all of them are big fellows. We spend our spare moments in stepping on as many of them as we can. Despite all our efforts, the number never seems to diminish. The floor looks like a battlefield with dead ants all over the place. This is a three-way battle: mosquitoes at night, fleas in the bed and elsewhere, and ants crawling over everything else!

— Father Clarence Witte,
of Richmond, Indiana,
now in Central America

Christ Comes Home

IT TOOK Our Lord exactly thirty-six years to come to the village of St. Michael of the Toad. Back in 1908 several families settled on Toad Mountain. They built a church of adobe and field stone and prayed that a priest would come and live with them. Those were dark days, however. Seminaries were being closed and priests driven into hiding.

Years slipped by. While the children were growing up, the parents instructed them. On Sunday one of the men read the prayers of the Mass. But it was not until a few weeks ago that the church bell rang



Father John Martin, Maryknoller from Milwaukee, Wis., wrapped in the garb which anti-clerical laws have brought to parts of Central America

out joyously to announce that, after a three-day saddle journey through scorching canyons and dried-up river beds, a priest had arrived, to be their permanent pastor. He was Maryknoll's Father Robert Verhagen, of Kaukauna, Wisconsin.

The people were overjoyed. The whole village turned out for Mass the next morning. Thus it was that, after thirty-six years, Our Lord came to the little village of St. Michael of the Toad.

— Father John M. Martin,
of Milwaukee, Wisconsin,
now in Central America

Would You Rather Be a Mule?

I GO TO San Pedro by muleback. The roads are slippery with mud and loose pebbles. The beast is slow and ornery, and despite my many urgings, it is impossible to get him to move more quickly. He has the somewhat tantalizing and frightening habit of walking along the outer edge of the road overlooking the precipices, instead of taking the security of the middle of the path or the inner side. Beat him as I will (and I gave this up long ago), he won't change his asinine mind; he insists on sticking his rump over the edge of the road and then defies me to do anything about it.

When we get to a narrow place between

two jagged cliffs, he will brush up against one of them, and I will have to quickly withdraw my leg from the stirrup and throw it over his head to keep him from amputating that member. When I reprimand him, he stands still in the road and refuses to budge, despite all entreaties and imprecations. So it is, all the way to San Pedro. I lose more merit on this one trip than I gain in three others, on account of this animal which was so accurately described, by an old professor of mine at St. Mary's in Baltimore, as a creature that has "no pride of ancestry and no hope of posterity." With this apostrophe in mind, I belittle his ancestry and belabor his "posteriority," so that we shan't forget our trip together for some time to come. But I don't think that the darned critter pays a bit of attention!

— *Father Arthur Allié,
of Two Rivers, Wisconsin,
now in Central America*

No Mickey Mouse

FRIDAY night movies have become the number-one social event of Villa Victoria. Thousands of persons attend, and most of them show up long before the start, in order to get a place up front. Little boys take advantage of the crowds to sell sandwiches and *empanadas*. Ragged young Indians take their girl friends; mothers

and fathers bring all their children. In fact, everyone turns out to watch the miracle on the white wall of the church.

Reactions of the people are quite interesting. Walt Disney's cartoons don't interest them. It seems that Disney pictures are gauged for a more-sophisticated audience. Animals in clothes, talking like human beings, are far beyond their comprehension. However, if a chicken or a pig or any farm animal trots across the screen as his own animal self, everyone gets excited as if he were seeing a long-lost brother. The biggest hit so far were some of the movies we took of the people themselves. The things closest to home, it seems, bring them the greatest delight.

Our sports program continues successfully. By installing a volley-ball court with lights for night playing, we have contacted a group hitherto not reached — the young men and women who work all day. We now have also a basketball court, with uprights donated by the Mayor of La Paz. Around the sports program, we have a Monthly Communion club. On Communion Sunday we serve a breakfast in the yard of our house. We are thus breaking down the custom here of receiving Holy Communion only once a year.

— *Father James Flaherty,
of Cynwyd, Pennsylvania,
now in Villa Victoria, Bolivia*

Father Witte

Father Allié

Father Flaherty



What Will We Do About It?

by JAMES G. KELLER

REPORTS coming from Europe give hope for brighter days ahead. But they also remind us that for many, many years — perhaps a generation or two — Europe will not be in a position to send many missionaries to the fields afar. One good reason for this conclusion is found in the following bit of bad news that came recently from the other side of the Atlantic:

"All thirty-seven of our seminaries, novitiates, and preparatory seminaries are closed."

This news concerns only one missionary community over there (the Society of the Divine Word). A similar situation probably exists for seminaries of most of the other societies in Europe which have been training young men for the mission fields of the world. No definite figures are available, but it seems safe to say that at least four thousand young Europeans who were peacefully preparing to go out into remote corners of the world as "other Christs" have been dispersed to the four winds. Many have suffered; more than a few, no doubt, have died from various causes. All have been deprived, for years and perhaps forever, of the one great ambition of their lives: to become ambassadors of Christ to the millions who have never heard of Him.

The near future holds little hope for years to come. With the old countries still suffering from the worst tragedy that

has ever afflicted them, it cannot be expected that Europe will be in any position to resume, for another ten or fifteen years at least, the great contribution she had been making to the missions. It has been estimated that over ten thousand of Europe's priests have suffered death during the last several years of bitter warfare.



Few in our country realize that Europe has provided over ninety per cent of all the missionaries in the world today. That means that the United States had been doing comparatively little. In other words, only about five or six out of every hundred Catholic missionaries over the

world today have come from our country. Nine out of every ten missionaries have come from Europe.

What Can Be Done About It?

WE CAN do much about it! The situation is a challenge to the youth of America. Never before has such a magnificent opportunity been offered to us — the opportunity to carry to all corners of the earth the peace and joy of the Prince of Peace. Now as never before, we of America have a chance to contribute in an unusual way to the spiritual leadership of the world.

Will we do it? Will we do more than talk? Our Catholic young men of America

have the answer. If thousands of them are ready to go to all nations in the name of Christ, that is a sure sign of sincere interest, of bright hope for the future. But if only a few are willing to "go into the whole world," as Christ commanded, then that is evidence that we are not really interested.

In sincere tribute to the countries of Europe, which for over a century had generously given priests to our own land, we should be glad to send a few thousand priests from America to help in the rebuilding of Europe's devastated lands. But if we can't do very much in this way, the least we can do is to pick up where Europe was forced to drop off in providing missionaries for the rest of the world. If we Americans won't do this, who will?

All Can Have a Part

IF YOU cannot give your own life, you can do much to interest some young man in the idea of becoming a missionary. Why not take it as your objective for this school year to tell at least one youth about Maryknoll and the missions? If you do, you may be God's instrument in guiding some young American to become an ambassador of Christ. And, because of you, he will later be able to help a multitude of human beings. Yes, you, too, can be a missionary in this way! You can be the homeland representative of the missionaries. He cannot work and live entirely on his own. Just as the fighting man needs the help of war bond buyers and defense workers, the soldier of Christ needs the support of the Catholics at home.

Have you ever thought of yourself as an American ambassador of Christ in the mission fields of China? You have the answer. Please let us hear from you, if you are interested in being an apostle in fields afar.

Three-Minute Meditation

"As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."—MATT. XXV: 40

WHILE sailing from Java to Singapore some years ago, a lady from the suburbs of New York City told a small group on the deck of the boat her impressions of Java. She was on a Pacific cruise and had just completed a two-day peek at the island in question. As our contribution to the conversation, we quietly mentioned that what impressed us most in Java was the population—the men, the women, and the children. Our only regret, we added, was that we couldn't have seen every one of the forty million Javanese.

Hardly had we finished our little remark when the lady traveler stated with haughty emphasis: "When I go to a country, I don't go to see the dirty people! I go to see the beautiful homes and scenery!"

Poor thing! Without realizing it, she had missed the most important part of Java—the people.

It is so easy to be interested in all people of all nations, when one sees Jesus Christ in each and every one of them. It doesn't make any difference in what country they live. Each human being, no matter how insignificant, is something sacred. But far-reaching trouble can, and too often does, result when we regard human beings in any part of the earth as anything less than children of one common Father in heaven.

Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.



Chinatown's Fairy Godmother

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

ONE of the foremost friends of New York's Chinese is a slight, dark-haired little lady whom the Chinese know as Susie. She is Susie Cirola, proprietress of a Bayard Street drugstore. She was born and has lived all her life in the few crowded blocks of Manhattan that are known as Chinatown.

Susie acts as friend, counselor, interpreter, and source of all knowledge for the citizens of Chinatown. Because of her sympathy and understanding, she has led many Chinese into the Church.

"I have been a godmother more than fifty times," she says proudly.

Chinatown is Manhattan's picture of the Orient. It is located in a section near the Bowery where 30,000 Chinese have made a compact city of their own, picturesque, oriental, quiet and industrious

When Susie was born, there were very few Chinese in the Mott Street section. The neighborhood was strictly Italian. Susie was twelve years old when her father died. The little drugstore that he operated was the family's source of livelihood. Although only a small girl, Susie took over the store, and she has been on the job ever since.

Today the drugstore has become a sort of second home to a host of New York's Chinese. It is a small, old fashioned shop, one of the few remaining honest-to-goodness drugstores in New York. With the exception of a post-office sub-station, located in one corner of the store, Susie's stock is strictly medical.

A steady procession wends in and out of the store all day. Many of the Chinese come only to talk. Others come in and carefully discuss their purchases with Susie, who speaks their language fluently.

Procession of Visitors

A YOUNG girl rushes into the store. "Will you mind my bag, Susie? I want to see my mother before I leave." She puts the bag behind the counter and breezes out.

"A nice girl," says Susie. "She has a job in Washington and supports her family."

A middle-aged Chinese man enters. He wants to buy a suit of clothes and asks Susie's advice as to where to go. A mother and her daughter enter hesitatingly. Susie and the mother go into a back room, where there is muffled whispering.

After they have gone, Susie says, "She is going to have a baby and wants me to help her get in a hospital."

A boy comes in. He is about seventeen years old. "Have you seen my sister, Susie?" he asks.

"She's gone away," replies Susie. "You leave her alone and don't bother her for money for gambling. She works hard for her money."

After he has gone, Susie explains that the girl who left the bag is the boy's sister. He wants money to play mah jong, but if Susie has anything to say, he won't get it.

One oddity is noticed by an observer.

Every Chinese who comes into the store, drops a penny in the scale and weighs himself. "They love to get weighed," says Susie simply.

Susie knows all her customers by name. She knows their ills and their businesses. Often at night she is called to the home of some Chinese to help tend a sick child. Many of the people won't trust a doctor, but they will trust Susie.

"I Mind My Own Business"

ONE night, about eleven o'clock, a man came into the store and fainted as he started talking to Susie. She took him off to the hospital and had him nursed back to health. That was five years ago. Every Sunday the man, who lives outside New York, comes in to visit Susie. It is his way of saying, "Thanks!"

Such popularity has its obligations. Susie is in the store from early morning until after midnight.



Oriental faces and Chinese shops do not make Chinatown alien. The people are very proud to be Americans



Once she hired a clerk so that she might not have to work so hard. Business took a sharp decline. She came back on the job, and sales rose. The Chinese, who usually shy away from foreigners, prefer to trade with Susie rather than with one of their own. No other white person in Chinatown commands this same respect.

Susie lived in Chinatown all during the violent tong wars of the twenties. Men were murdered around her shop. But it didn't bother Susie. "I minded my own business," she explains, "and the Chinese minded theirs."

"The Chinese are a wonderful people," Susie eagerly confides. "Most of them are very poor, poorer than you can imagine."

Although Susie is quiet about it, friends say that a good part of the profits of her

store go back into helping Chinese families that have suffered a run of ill fortune.

Her one big ambition is to bring all the citizens of Chinatown into the Church. Whenever she gets a chance, she tells her customers about God. Many of them have listened to her words and have come to know Christ. When Susie heard that Archbishop Spellman had invited the Maryknoll Sisters to work in Chinatown, she was overjoyed.

"You can't imagine how much good these Sisters who can speak Chinese will do!" she exclaimed. "I have been praying for something like this for a long time."

Yes, Susie is interested in the bodies and souls of her Chinese friends. No wonder, then, that she is called their fairy godmother.

WHAT IS AN ANNUITY?

GENERALLY speaking—an annuity is an agreement entered into for the purpose of securing to oneself a fixed income.

As adapted to the work of the Church—it is this and much more, for it is also a means of extending the Kingdom of God on earth and of serving the eternal interests of the annuitant and of the souls of his fellow men.

An annuity, like a living trust (as distinct from a trust created by will), besides placing money or property beyond the probability of loss to the annuitant from financial reverses, withdraws it from the costly entanglements of administration proceedings and from the operation of the inheritance tax laws, but not gift taxes.

Many prudent persons wish to put into effect their wills before death thus avoiding the danger of having their wishes defeated as the result of a will contest. Their income is protected during their

life, and after death their gift passes without delay to the good work which they wish to benefit.

It is this last feature that appeals most to mission-minded—that is, Catholic-minded—men and women of America. They see in the annuity plan a means of giving liberally to the glorious enterprises of the Church, and, at the same time, reserving to themselves the income they cannot afford to sacrifice. Such a method serves admirably the best temporal and spiritual interests of both the donors and their beneficiaries, the missions. Such an annuity is different, in purpose and character, from the ordinary commercial annuity.

If the annuity plan interests you, write us for a free copy of our booklet: *The Maryknoll Annuity Plan*.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.



PORTRAIT OF A DREAM

THIS is a ghost picture.

"How," we said to the artist, "can we show people the way the Maryknoll Chapel is to look, and where it will be, when built?"

"That's easy," he replied. "I'll just ghost it in." We looked puzzled. "I'll draw it in with white lines, against the present building. People will be able to see through it, they'll know it isn't actually there now, yet its size and position and style will all be indicated. This way!"

And with a few strokes, he produced what you see above!

It is for the future, for the time when men and building materials will not be scarce, but jobs will be needed for returning soldiers — the time when such projects will be needed. It is our post-war plan

For a quarter century, Maryknoll has been sending priests out to the far corners of the world to start churches — from a Seminary which has no church of its own! We worship in a room which was planned to be a lecture hall.

Will you help us remedy this situation? You can do so, either by sending money now, or by planning, as we are planning, for the future. Will you let us know if you will be able to contribute \$5 — \$50 — \$500 — \$5,000 — now or a year after the war ends?

With such assurance, we shall be able to go ahead with confidence to get ready. Write to

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

LETTERS

"I AM ENCLOSING A CHECK for \$31 which I would like to have you use for South American missions. The odd amount means that I have taken 10% of a check for royalties on books, and of my pension as a Spanish-American War veteran.

"Maryknoll is doing a tremendously important work in South America."

*Most Rev. Francis C. Kelley,
Bishop of Oklahoma City & Tulsa*



"I HAVE WANTED to write you for some time to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine and the fine stories in it. I like the length of them, too, as I much prefer to read short stories. I am enclosing \$1 in this letter and should like you to use it wherever you think best."

— H. E. E., Algiers, La.



"I'VE REALLY CONCLUDED that the U.S. Mail system is tops, because my letters have followed me right along, and so I received your letter in England.

"Please don't think I've forgotten Maryknoll, but the exchange of money is a bit involved over here, so I've asked my mother or sister Virginia to send my monthly contribution along with theirs,

from home. I'd still like to read THE FIELD AFAR though, so if it's convenient, send it to my present address.

"At home, they've heard from Father Frank Pouliot in China, and I guess he's having a hard time finding food for his parishioners, as well as himself, so I know that Maryknoll's problems have increased with the war. Please save a prayer for all the soldiers." — J. K., New York, N. Y.



"I DO NOT KNOW if you have been informed that D. B., Jr., has been in the armed forces since June. He had been sending a monthly donation to your worthy cause. I wish you would continue to send your letters to the same address, so I can carry on for him. Please remember him in your prayers." — D. J. B., Revere, Mass.



"INCLOSED YOU WILL FIND a little aid for your priests afield. While on Bougainville, your magazine found its way into our camp, and was well read by all. Yours is the hard work, that which deals with an ungrateful man's soul.

"Ours is the shorter and more easily done, when only a man's life determines who is the victor." — L. P. C., 26th Marines

POSTAL ZONE

THIS magazine has been printed in compliance with the Government regulations for the conservation of paper.

We wish to comply with the Post Office regulations for the use of postal zone

numbers. If your zone number does not appear in the address of this magazine, please cut the address from the back cover, add your zone number and mail it to us. Thank you.

CURRENT BOOKS

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS
2 vols., 1942; 2 vols., 1943;
2 vols., 1944. **\$1 for each year.**

ALL THE DAY LONG. By Daniel Sargent. Life of Maryknoll's co-founder, Bishop Walsh. **\$2.50.**

ACROSS A WORLD. By John J. Considine, M.M. World view of Catholic missions. **\$2.50.**

PATTERN FOR TOMORROW. By Sr. M. Juliana. Story for "teen" age. **\$2.**

LO-TING BOOKS. Five little books for children, by Julie Bedier. Pamphlet edition, \$1.25 a set. Cloth bound set, boxed, **\$4.50.**

ONE INCH OF SPLENDOR. By Sr. M. Rosalia. Story of Maryknoll Sisters in China. **\$1.**

MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Please send the books checked.

- ☐ \$.....enclosed.
☐ Bill me.

TAR HEEL APOSTLE

By John C. Murrett, M.M. Life of Father Thomas Frederick Price, who was missionary in North Carolina before founding Maryknoll with Father James Anthony Walsh. Simplicity, devotion, and a consuming zeal made the Tar Heel Apostle an apostolic figure who will win your heart. Longmans. **\$2.50**



OUR NEIGHBORS THE CHINESE

萬有真原

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